

CHOSES FROM THE
DISTANT BATTLEFIELD

L M ZIMMERMAN



Class 1

Book

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ECHOES FROM THE DISTANT BATTLEFIELD

BY

L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D.D.



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FOREWORD

In presenting this little volume to the public I am prompted by a single purpose. That purpose is to pay tribute to the Honor Roll boys from the church of which I have the proud distinction to be pastor. This Honor Roll bespeaks more eloquently than could words a story of red-blooded young manhood that went forth in defense of human rights—went forth gladly to pay the supreme sacrifice if needs be.

Many of these boys were in military service near home, others in the various camps, others intrenched overseas, and still others went "over the top" never to return in the ghastly European carnage that ended on November 11, 1918.

With the hope that they may also prove in some degree both interesting and helpful to others, I am herewith publishing excerpts from letters that I received from the boys, together with the letters that I sent to them.

L. M. ZIMMERMAN.

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INTRODUCTION

Many decades have passed since Tennyson dreamed of the idyllic period when there should be a universal brotherhood of man. The poet, however, with prophetic eye, saw that the time was not yet near at hand when swords were to be broken into plowshares and each man sit in peace under his own vine and fig tree. On the contrary, he visioned the barbarous devices of man for murder; the song of hate; the lust of conquest; the savagery of semi-civilized humanity; the mercenary spirit that has been handed down with the ages; and finally that Utopian period of which the sage and the philosopher have sung for eons.

But it was beyond the ken of the great English poet—indeed, beyond the view of mortal man—mentally to visualize the titanic holocaust that was foredoomed to engrip almost the entire habitable globe when civilization had seemingly attained its pinnacle. Little, doubtless, did the Poet Laureate dream that only a quarter of a century after his death would his beloved kinsmen be beset by an imminent danger that threatened practically to enslave them for all time.

Belgium's story of sorrow—a story so harrowing as scarcely to have its counterpart in world-history—is as a thrice-told tale. The ravaging of France, with its peaceful villages, its fertile fields, its fruitful vineyards, its

coal mines, its commerce and its industries, has left only stalking ghosts among the flower of its manhood. The story of how the monster Zeppelins hovered over England like vultures ready to swoop down on their helpless prey is familiar to all mankind. For many desolate months it looked as if no earthly power could check the enemy.

Meanwhile, the war spirit had constantly been growing in the United States. This was still further accentuated by the sinking of our merchant ships. And now came the destroying of our big ocean liners, accompanied by the slaughter of helpless women and children and babes in arms. Protest was followed by the sinking of still other vessels. When, finally, word was flashed that that great leviathan of the deep, the Lusitania, had been sent to the bottom the storm burst in all its fury. The red blood of American manhood had been aroused to its full.

What followed is fresh in the minds of all. On April 14, 1917, we were officially declared to be at war with Germany. As if by magic, our Army and our Navy were transformed from insignificant little forces into formidable fighting machines. Soon our lion-hearted youth were being transported overseas. Thousands of them went weekly, until finally the War Lord awakened to the fact that he had recked without his host. A year later that divinity which commonly is said to hedge kings had deserted Wilhelm Hohenzollern and left him at the mercy of a rude stream that must forever hide him.

So, five years after a madman in an obscure town in Bosnia committed a murder which started a stream of blood that was destined to leave its crimson stain on almost the entire world, an armistice was signed that prac-

tically ended the war. This was on November 11, 1918. The formal and official signing of the peace treaty took place at Versailles on June 28, 1919.

And what was the grist brought home from the blood-mill? The map of Europe, Asia and Africa has been redrawn. Nine millions of men paid the supreme sacrifice, 20,000,000 were wounded, and myriads of innocent women and children suffered physical and mental torture that was worse than death itself. Billions on billions of dollars were sacrificed on the altar of Moloch that future generations will strive to pay. The lame and the halt and the blind bear mute but eloquent testimony to man's inhumanity to man.

It was not the wish of the United States to enter this charnel house and bloody shambles: we are a peace-loving and God-fearing nation. But our honor, the foundation-stones on which rests the spirit of democracy, were involved. And so we went forth clothed in the garb of righteousness. Our cause was just, and thrice-armed were we.

The tales of heroic acts by our boys on the blood-soaked fields of France need not be recounted here. If ever there was a nation whose men fought with courage, with intelligence, with the never-say-die spirit, that nation was typified by the lads from across the Atlantic who cheerfully gave up their lives when necessary to safeguard the rights of humanity.

But even above that spirit of courage shown on the battlefields by our boys there arises an attribute that should be emblazoned on the pages of history for all time. It is the love of God, of country and of home that rests in

our hearts. The ever-faithful love of father and mother, of sister and brother, of sweetheart and wife. A love it is that binds us with hoops of steel and that mellows and chastens us as could no other human force.

But what of the inward scars of battle that are left? Before this book is printed giants of the deep from American ports will be plowing their way to Germany carrying precious cargoes of freight, and on their return trips will bring articles of German manufacture. Happily, Time is a great healer.

In Nature, some of the spots that at one time were only places of ruin are today among the more beautiful corners of the earth. Even where the hand and skill of man fail to reconstruct, there Nature itself is a great healer. The soil is fertilized by the disintegration of the broken stones, while grass and ivy cover with green what otherwise would be uncomely scenes. Nature forgets the past and plans for a better and brighter future.

Like Nature, so little children, ignorant of the ills and woes and differences of the past, soon forget even appearances of evil and hatred. And by so forgetting they build up a brighter, a better and a happier world. All this is in line with God's own plan of remembering our sins against us no more, provided we have sincerely repented, prove to Him that we are dutiful children of God and followers of His teachings. And could we hear the voice of the dead, perhaps there would be among many that of the Master who prayed for them that did Him wrong: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Praise God for the glorious doctrine of immortality! As Charles Dickens says: "It is an old-fashioned death,

but an older-fashioned immortality." And the fallen heroes in sunny France who died in the faith fell asleep with the blessed assurance that "Life is ever lord of death, and love can never lose its own."

On the field of battle near Ypres a soldier penned the following lines as expressive of hope in the life beyond:

In lonely watches night by night
Great visions burst upon my sight,
For down the stretches of the sky
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,
Strange bugles sound an awful note,
And all their faces and their eyes
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed
And peace has come to them at last,
But in the stern looks linger still
The iron purpose and the will.

Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood
Of human tears and human blood,
A weary road these men have trod,
O house them in the home of God!

"Peace has come to them at last," so "house them in the home of God!"

Well may we take the lesson of those lines to ourselves. Let us forget ancient bitternesses, the strife engendered by

warfare. Then will peace come to us, and ultimately we shall be housed in the home of God.

In my church there are enrolled many young men. Scores of these were called to the colors. Some will never return. Throughout the war it was my aim to keep in constant touch with these boys. And that I succeeded is proved indubitably by the numerous letters that I received from them.

As stated in my Foreword, it is my purpose to publish excerpts from many of these letters, together with letters that I have sent in answer thereto. Of course, I realize that it is a prosaic undertaking, due to the sameness of the texts. But it is a duty that I feel bound to perform. And with the assurance that this duty will be appreciated at least by the boys who escaped Death's beckoning call I feel amply repaid.

The excerpts follow:

ECHOES FROM THE DISTANT BATTLEFIELD

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AMERICA FIRST

I always believed in the slogan “See America First,” but I couldn’t resist the insistent invitation of the Kaiser to see Europe.

ANXIOUS TO FIGHT

A sample of the nervous strain to which soldiers are subjected:

We are waiting and are ready for orders. You may not think so, but really we are anxious to get into the fight. Waiting for orders is worse than being on the firing line.

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

Leonidas At Thermopylæ showed no braver or more loyal spirit than this:

To give up a lucrative position and all the comforts of home for a soldier’s life and all it means requires red blood, and we boys have it. We are only too glad to be able to serve our country and God for the right. If all of the people at home would serve their Churches and

their God as enthusiastically and loyally as we boys do our country, there would be no vacant pews at religious worship.

MOTHER, GOD BLESS HER!

And then Sunday School and Church. Listen:

Our company has been drilling nearly every day from 7.30 in the morning until 6 o'clock at night. The object of all this rushing is in order that we may receive our necessary training as rapidly as possible, as our lieutenant told us last week that within a month's time we would be on our way to France.

We are allowed a good rest on Sunday. This is the day that, having nothing particular to do, brings to one fond recollections of folks and things back home. One longs to see, among other things, his best friend, his mother, God bless her. And again, around 9.30 Sunday morning I actually feel homesick for my second home, my Sunday School and Church. This was one of my greatest pleasures, honestly speaking, of looking forward to every Sunday before I came here, of being with my class in Sunday School and my position at the piano.

Before I left I had the promise of every one of my scholars that they would remain steadfast to their class and church during my absence, assuring them that when this war is over, when I would return, God willing, I would then consider it my privilege to return to my former post (in the class and at the piano in Sunday School). God grant that this privilege may be granted

within the near future and wishing you the greatest blessings that God can bestow on you who has favored Him with true love and endurance.

One of your flock of the Sunday School and Church.

LEST WE FORGET

*This lad pledges himself to his Church and to his God.
Hear him:*

I was very sorry that you were away on your vacation when I left on August 27th. I would have called on you, as I did on all my friends. You are one of my best friends. I was sorry to leave you because every time I heard you preach I was relieved of everything that worried me. When this war ends, I will not forget my Church and my God.

KILLED IN ACTION

*This poor boy has entered the Shadow of the Valley
since penning the subjoined:*

I have no doubt been a little neglectful in regard to writing you and informing you that I am at Camp Meade, as I have been a member of your church for several years past and always as faithful to my duties as circumstances would permit. I am taking the liberty of asking that my name be put on the Honor Flag.

It is quite a game we seem to be playing—sometimes happy and sometimes sad, but always hoping for the war to end for the benefit of all concerned.

DON'T WAIT TO BE DRAFTED

I wanted to enlist at the outbreak of the war, but the firm I served at the time plead with me not to leave them. I delayed to my regret and loss. If Uncle Sam ever wants me again, I will enlist at once.

EASY TO GO WRONG, BUT—

It is very easy for a fellow to go wrong in the Army, for on all sides are allurements to drag one down unless he be on guard. And yet, it is also hard to go wrong, for one sees the horrible results and sufferings of those who yield to evil temptations, and a thoughtful man realizes the price he pays is too great for the so called pleasure he hopes to get.

ALL ONE CLASS

"For humanity's sake"—that is the way this lad regards America's part in the war:

When I arrived at this camp I certainly was brokenhearted. We had to sleep on bare floors,

stand out in the rain and cold and eat our mess, for it sure was mess, and besides drilling about all the time in about four inches of mud. But we are all making the best of everything.

In our company there are the rich and poor, the high and low class, but in the army we are all one class, for we are all in the fight for humanity's sake.

Just tell the people back home to remember the boys that are away in their prayer, for we all need their prayers, which seem like a stimulant, because our hardships are many. I can assure you that all the boys have that great faith, trusting in God the Almighty that this dark cloud will turn to light and victory.

COME NEXT TO MOTHER

As showing the esteem in which the Red Cross nurses are held by the soldier boys, read this:

This life certainly does make a man out of us. We young and old fellows down here all mix together just like brothers. No matter what the religion or nationality is it makes no difference; we are all glad to share anything we have to any of our brothers. At the hospital the Red Cross nurses are like mothers. Those who are in need of them say the Red Cross nurses are the nearest to a mother they have ever witnessed. We are all very anxious to go across.

We have taken our over-seas examinations and signed up ready to sail in October.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Do the boys like to hear from the loved ones at home?
Read the answer.

To-night somewhere in France, I am sitting in my little dugout in the side of the big and beautiful mountains, writing by the light of a candle. We do not receive mail every day, but it is a happy moment when we all get a letter or two from our loved ones at home, and then it is a great pleasure to sit down and write to our wives and mothers and sweethearts, because we all know it does them worlds of good.

PRAYER FOR SAFETY

He jests at battle who never felt a scar is this text:

I must say that we boys have been through some hard times over here and, while in battle, lay on the field praying for our safety. No one knows what war is, but those who are in the battle.

THE AWFULNESS OF WAR

Only God and the soldier know the awfulness of war. The machine guns mowed down the men like grass.

It made me sick at heart to see our own men fall, and also to know how we were mowing down the enemy. "Oh, God," I prayed, "end this war." And then I became braver, more fearless, and, true to my colors, I rushed forward fearless of foe or death because of our righteous cause.

EDUCATION VS. LEGISLATION

Since I have been in the Army I can see as never before the wisdom of early education along moral lines. You have always urged that and practiced it in your preaching. Now that I am tempted and tried, I find it easy to resist because I have been educated to see and know dangers. I find those boys who have not thus been educated to be manly, are an easy prey to the alluring pitfalls even though the laws of army life would compel them to do the right. I agree with you that it is difficult to legislate a man to be good, but it is far easier to educate him to do the right of his own free will.

"PEACE ON EARTH"

And "Good will toward men" his aim:

I am now in the service of my country in the Marine Corps at Paris Island, S. C., and thank you for the prayer you offered before I left Baltimore, for I think it has done me lots of good, as I know God is with me and I always pray

just the same as when I was home and attending church. Army life is not the most pleasant thing on earth, but when a man is serving his God and country for "peace on earth, good will toward men" he is satisfied to stand the hardships and unpleasant moments of life, for think of the happiness of peace, although some of us will be in the "house of many mansions." Those left on earth can have the peace for which others made great sacrifices to gain.

MISSES HOME AND CHURCH

But God can be worshiped anywhere, is the devout spirit here breathed:

I have arrived safely overseas, and am getting along fine.

This country is very pretty, but everything is very old fashioned. You see but very few young men, and those that you do see are either too young for the army or crippled so that they are not fit for service.

I certainly do miss my old home and my place in the Sunday School and Church, but God is my keeper and I can worship Him wherever I am, for He is ever near to guide and direct me, and I have my bible always close to me. When I feel downhearted I always find comfort there.

We have to work very hard, but anything we do to win this war is not in vain, for God

is with us in this just cause and will carry us safely through. I am longing for the day when I can come back and teach my class in Sunday School.

ARMY LIFE

That army life is a great leveler is shown in the following extract:

I often think of your sermons, Doctor, and how you used to emphasize the fact that "of one blood God made all nations." Well, here we are all one. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" seems to be a common motto. Our general hardships seem to make us all one body, where every one apparently seeks good of another.

CAME OUT OF HOSPITAL

Here is part of a letter that is characteristic of the average American boy who attends church. His mother and his God are his very first thoughts:

I just came out of a hospital where I had been confined for several weeks. It was my first experience to be sick away from home, and I sure did miss my dear mother. However, the nurses were very good to us boys and did everything possible for our comfort.

One poor fellow in a cot next to mine died.

He did not know much about the English language, but he knew his Lord. Before he died he repeated the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

THEY JUST PRAYED

Three of us hid in a shell hole. We ate our hardtack and said our prayers. No, we did not say our prayers —we just prayed; for prayers offered in a shell hole are very different from those offered in a comfortable room at home. Orders came to march, and out we dashed into the thick of battle. One of my companions fell and then the other. For several days I fought, until I was carried back into a hospital, where I found one of my companions severely wounded, and he told me the other had died.

DIN WAS TERRIFIC

The subjoined lines show how the inhuman methods of the enemy only spurred our boys on to greater endeavors than ever:

The din of battle seems yet to ring in my ears. I was in the thick of the fight. Shells rained incessantly, while at times it seemed as if there were volcanic eruptions, bringing death and destruction at every blast. This work of the

enemy made us all the more determined to get revenge, and we fought like tigers. We forgot all about ourselves and thought only of the cause for which we fought.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

This note has the ring of Scott's lines:

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land’?”

It does a fellow good to get away from his own country. In America we often make complaints about our land, but when we get into other countries we find things very different. Then we learn more than ever before how to appreciate our own land of the free and home of the brave.

MEMORIES OF HOME CHURCH

When we were in the town of Baccarat, near Strassburg, before dark, many of the inhabitants would leave the town for the nearby roads for shelter, as the town was nightly bombed when it was clear. One Sunday evening as I and another boy from the Church were on our way to the neighboring woods, we stopped alongside a path and held a religious service, much after the order of ours at Church. It being the hour of service,

I could imagine myself in our Church. We read the Scripture, sang hymns, prayed and then we thought we could hear you preach and the choir sing. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and I felt that the same Christ who is in the Church was with us there that evening, and I was happy.

SACRIFICE NOT IN VAIN

The spirit of ultimate victory is breathed in the subjoined paragraphs:

It is a source of great pleasure to receive news from home regarding the manner in which they are putting their shoulders to the wheel, and feel sure that their sacrifices will not be in vain.

While we are all proud of the splendid success that has come to us, and while we feel that our countrymen are justly exultant, let us fix our minds firmly on the final victory, and strive more earnestly than ever to carry out our great purpose.

Y. M. C. A. AND RED CROSS

Both of these organizations are here shown to be doing excellent work:

I am in receipt of your most welcome letter of the 11th ultimo and booklet entitled "Cheer and Counsel." You can imagine my joy in re-

ceiving a letter from one who has done so much good work among the folks back home and makes a fellow feel proud to be an American. The boys over here are being well taken care of and there should be no cause for any of the folks at home to worry about their spiritual welfare. Both the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross are doing wonderful work and am sure of the fact that all of us will be better men upon our return to civilian life.

HE LIKES PASTOR'S BOOKS

The author's novel "Cordelia" has made a hit here:

We entered the war zone on February 22, 1918, and on the 24th reached Brest. Brest is a town of 80,000 population. The city is built on a rocky bluff some 300 feet above sea level. The scenery is wonderful, and to get a bird's-eye view of the harbor reminds one of the beautiful pictures of mountain lakes. The trip was uneventful throughout except for some severe storms on our return. When we left Brest just five days after our arrival there were submarine warnings galore, but God saw us through the war zone safely.

I would very much appreciate if you will send me a copy of your "Sparks." "Cordelia" has made so many friends here that the men besiege me with requests for more writings by the same

author, and I have promised to see what I could do for them.

HE STILL GOES TO CHURCH

Here's a soldier laddie that listens to sermons in French:

Your letter was received and I enjoyed reading same. Have passed same on to some of my friends in the company, as there are several things that will be helpful to us all.

I miss being with you on Sunday, but I go to church every time I can, even if the sermon is in French.

We are being well fed and clothed; in fact I have more clothes than I can carry.

HE DIDN'T SWEAR UNDER SHELL FIRE

We had a fellow in the Signal Corps who was always playing craps, gambling and swearing. He was on a detail of splicing wire under shell fire. He had the last wire to splice, being the closest to the firing line, where he was under both machine gun, rifle and artillery fire. He was so long in coming back that we gave him up for lost. After making his appearance we questioned him as to where he had been so long. He replied thoughtfully: "I thought I was gone myself, but I jumped into a ditch on the side of the road, took my Testament from my pocket, opened it and read the first part my eyes fell

upon. Then I prayed that God would help me to get back safely, and here I am."

ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU THE "WILLIES"

Having 110 tons of T. N. T. stored below you on three decks was enough to give you the "Willies" and make you wish that you were in the Army.

NO KICK AT HOME AFTER—

Here is a boy who has learned from experience how to appreciate a good home. Hear him:

After one has been sleeping around in billets, he never has any kick to make when he gets home.

HAVE DONE THEIR BIT

The company of which this boy was a member is praised by its commander:

We have had quite a few experiences and to write about them would be beyond my ability as a writer. At any rate, we have done our bit and done it well. This is the opinion expressed to the company by our commander, which proves that we came over here as men, believing our-

selves to be in the right and determined to do our best. Hope to be back in the church soon again.

SOLDIERS DO NOT FORGET

Noble sentiment is this. For it shows fealty to God and man:

France is a most beautiful country this time of the year, and in the part where we are one would never dream that such a thing as war was going on, for surely a more Godly, peaceful and lovely place I have yet to see. The folks here treat us very kindly, at the same time understanding our mission, for many of their loved ones are at the front, or already have made the supreme sacrifice.

We, too, have a very fine chaplain. He conducts services every Sunday afternoon and is a very willing worker for the Master. We soldiers do not forget our duty to God as well as our country.

HE IS DOING HIS BEST

"For country and God" is also this boy's motto:

I am doing my best in both ways that I can—that is, service for my country and the work of God. As sure as He reigns above us to-day I

have already become a better man in the spirit and will continue likewise when I arrive back in the dear U. S. A. Dear pastor, your letter has given me new life and better courage to go on in to this fight. The prayers of you and the many friends back there are being answered for us over here. I have just come out of a few days' battle, in which I know God was with me, or else I would never have come through such a struggle. Continue on in prayers and may God give you everlasting strength to continue your good work. I hope to be among your flock very soon again.

NEVER GOT ENOUGH EATS

One big fellow in our company was called the "Big Eater." He never seemed to get enough. Even when on "No man's land" while the shells were bursting about us, and we were driving back the enemy, he would here and there snatch up blackberries from the vines.

INFLUENCE OF A TRACT

Imagine my surprise and delight when in a French Hospital I found a wounded soldier reading "Cheer and Counsel," a tract which you published. I am writing you this that you may know the good you are doing where you least suspect.

NEVER BEFORE KNEW RELIGION

Lots of the boys say they never knew the meaning of religion until they got to the front. Many say they never before prayed.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

It is made, not by the soldier, but by loved ones at home, says this gallant lad:

In many towns and cities mothers are bearing up with fortitude under the strain of war, their boys are in the service. They can only imagine from such meager news what hardships their sons are exposed to. There is the sublime task. They have brought a son into the world and gladly given him to the great cause. They have already sacrificed more than have those who have gone away. The son who is called to the colors leaves his home with a flush of unknown adventure on his cheeks. Let not the parents be deceived, to-morrow the light of hope may fade from his eyes, and his smile replaced by a gaunt look of suffering. When this crisis comes he needs more than bandages, medicine, food and warmth. He needs some concrete indication that those at home are with him in spirit in his hour of suffering. But this is war. It is glorious to die in camp, as on the field of battle in the greater conception of service. The fact that

we must regard coldly and dispassionately is that while we boys are experiencing the fortunes of war—red war—with its glamour and romance dissipated by hardships. We shall do our best and all in our power even to the utmost, as we go over the top to fight our fight and, God helping us, we will never lose, I am quite sure.

WELCOMES LETTER

The pastor's letters are welcomed, as is here attested:

Just a few lines to let you know that I received your welcome letter and sure was very glad to hear from you. It sure does put the spirit and courage in a young man to get such a letter from his pastor while over here in this country where there are a great many temptations to make him go wrong.

A BIG MAN'S RESOLUTION

Many are resolving to live different lives upon their return home.

A few days ago after coming back from over the top a big fellow with seemingly a big heart said, "When I get home, if I ever get there, I will do differently toward my wife.

"Before I left home, she often asked me to go with her to places, but I always did the deciding and made her go with me. It will be different if I ever get home.

I've learned to appreciate what a real, good wife I have, and she'll get a good husband's treatment hereafter."

SCOTCH WON'T BE MISSED

A little pleasant persiflage is here shown:

We have the best rains that ever rained. The land of perpetual moisture. I suppose you have heard of the Scotch mist. Well, it won't be missed when I leave here.

I saw some peaches in June and the price was three shillings a piece, which is about seventy-five cents in good old U. S. A. cash. Being I wasn't a millionaire I didn't buy any.

CHRISTMAS AND PIE CRUST

On Christmas day I was invited to the home of the Mayor of a French town. They had a Christmas tree, and on it were hanging pieces of pie crust covered with sugar.

The little children were extremely happy at even the pie crust. I thought how different it was with us at home, where we get so many things and yet are not satisfied.

WILLING TO DIE, IF NECESSARY

The stuff of which red-blooded men are made is told in this excerpt:

Please visit my parents and assure them that I am well taken care of and that I am happy.

My love for my parents naturally makes me serious at times when facing death. I am willing, if necessary, to die for my country, but the thought of what sorrow it would bring to loved ones at home makes me long all the more to live.

HE REMEMBERS PRAYERS

Here is the very essence of gratitude:

You have not forgotten me during my absence. I not only get your letters, but I also know I have your prayers, and I will not forget you when I get back home.

THE UNSEEN COMPANION

I often think of what you said to me when you bade me good-by. Yes, the "Unseen Companion," as you said, is by my side, and this assurance has many times comforted me, when otherwise I would have been sad and lonely. It is sweet to know that I am not alone.

LOOKING FOR RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

In the Signal Corps to which I belonged, there were 480 men, and when we were going in to the line, the boys seemed always eager for religious literature, and I personally have resolved that if I get back, I will give and do more for the Church and my God than ever before.

A DASH TO MESS AND BACK

When I left the dugout for "mess," which was about two squares distant, I went so fast and hurried back so quickly to avoid shells, that the boys said my coat tail stood out straight.

MET A FRIEND WHO WAS SOON THEREAFTER KILLED

One afternoon I met one of the boys from our Church, and we were surely glad to see each other. But it was only for a few moments when he was ordered to the front. Poor boy, he went "over the top," and in the next hour or two he was killed at Montfaucon.

DEAD, FACING THE FOE

On November 8, 1918, a few days previous to the great day of the signing of the armistice, we were on our return from battle to our dugout, when suddenly, before us, a scene presented itself that made us stop and ponder. There before us was a large shell hole, in which were three dead bodies of our soldier boys with their faces downward and headed for the enemy. In that shell hole, with pages open, was a small pocket testament of one of the boys to which no doubt they had resorted while awaiting medical aid.

RARELY A FROWN

One of the remarkable things was the fact that those falling in battle seemed to do so cheerfully, for the faces of the dead rarely showed a frown.

“GRITTY COFFEE” THAT WAS “GROUND”

In the Argonne Forest we could not get any water except from shell holes, and often that was unfit, on account of dead bodies in such holes. One morning we took some of this water to make some coffee. One of the guests commented that the coffee was “so gritty.” The cook replied, jestingly, “Well, it was *ground* this morning.”

UNSELFISHNESS

The fellows were always endeavoring to help their comrades regardless of the penalty they had to pay.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS UNITED

In the Regiment to which I belonged there were two Chaplains, one a Catholic Priest and the other a Protestant Minister.

They held their meetings in the same room at the same time, holding mass in one corner and a meeting

in another, and after all was over the two Chaplains would link arms, and go out arm in arm for a walk.

This same priest once said to me that he longed for the day when Catholic and Protestant would unite and form a universal religion where they would all be working for one great end, in saving the world for God.

HAVE LEARNED TO OBEY

This boy shows that he has profited by the value of military discipline. He says:

If Christians at home would be as loyal and patriotic to God and the Church as we boys are for our country and our God, churches would be crowded and there would be no complainers in the pew. We soldiers have learned to obey orders and not to give orders.

MOTHER AND HOME

Verily, does this lad have a human-interest story:

Have enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve force and have been called for active duty. For the past four years I have been a mechanic in the local shipyards; therefore I am confident my services shall be of value to my country in this branch of the service. Doing shore duty, it makes it necessary for me to board. I have

always been attached to mother and home, and now that I have to board I realize far greater what a home and mother means. I will appreciate most heartily any of your booklets. I eagerly await a message from you.

THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN SHOT

The cries of "First Aid" had been quite frequent and nerve racking during those four days of "Over the Top." So it was, as I saw one of my bunkies on the last day suddenly yell "First Aid" and fall, to be carried off the battlefield later by the First Aid men, that as I went onward, I had the feeling that another one of my friends had "gone west." But a few weeks later I came upon this same fellow on another front whom I then discovered had miraculously escaped without a scratch after those four days and nights of terror and I was somewhat surprised to find him there at that time after yelling "First Aid" on the battlefield. He laughed and his experience was this: It appeared that he was always on the alert since hearing the cries of First Aid so frequently. Suddenly a trickling of something down his right leg caused him on the impulse of the moment to yell "First Aid." He was of the impression that he had been shot and that blood was flowing down his leg. After he had been carried off the field to the First Aid Station, an investigation was made but no wound or blood could be discovered. Upon further investigation it was found that his cantine, once filled with water, which was car-

ried in his belt on the right side, had been the cause of his cry of "First Aid." A bullet had penetrated his canteen, thus forcing the water down his leg, causing him to think he had been shot.

SINGING WHILE FIGHTING

The good cheer of the American soldier was a puzzle to the enemy, who could not understand how we boys could fight and sing at the same time.

THE VALUE OF HOME

This war has taught me to value my home and parents more highly than ever before. Now, I realize, I should stick to my Dad and do what he wants me, and thus aid him in his business. I shall discontinue my rambling and roaming and settle down, and by so doing prove to my father a realization of what he had done for me in the past. I am going back home to settle down and do my bit as well as before.

MY RICHEST EXPERIENCE

My richest experience in this war was my association with men.

MY GREATEST IMPRESSION

My greatest impression in the war was the Brotherhood of Man.

MOTHER HAD PRAYED IT OUT

This mother reasoned with God and was satisfied to sacrifice her son, if necessary:

For quite a time I resisted the thought of enlisting in the army. One day, however, I went to my mother and said: "Mother, I'm going to enlist." I expected her to be surprised, but she only put her hand on my shoulder and said: "My son, I have prayed it all out and am satisfied."

It was a revelation to me, for I knew how great a sacrifice it meant for my mother—greater for her than for me. It took all fear from me and sent me away full of good cheer.

Hardships? Yes, many. But in times of war we must not expect comforts. Now we are thinking of home, for since the war ended we naturally want to return.

NO NEED FOR SECOND ORDERS

We boys never needed a second command. We obeyed at once, even though it meant to do so at the risk of our lives.

WAR HAS ITS BLESSINGS

Here's a letter that tells of the chastening effects of grim-visaged war:

Your encouraging letter of the 2nd is received, and I am not only glad to hear from you,

but wish to thank you for it. I always agreed with your plan of telling a person the good he does while he lives, and therefore wish to try to make it clear how much the boys appreciate these kind letters.

While I realize the temptations of soldiers are many, it is the help of God, love of a good mother and the many good messages you have given me in your sermons that have kept me clean and strong. I am sure in your wide experience you have met men whom you cannot talk to about their souls' welfare, but I have decided by leading a clean life I may be able to set an example and touch their consciences, that they, too, may get closer with God.

This war may have its hardships, but I know it has awakened some people's hearts, as I know many who hardly ever prayed before who are praying now; others are helping less fortunate ones; still others are now appreciating many blessings they have been enjoying, but did not stop to think how they were blessed.

LONGS FOR HIS CHURCH

That environment clings like the ivy vine is below shown:

Our chaplain is a very nice man and all the boys like him. I have felt homesick many a time after attending one of his services because

he preaches so much like you. It always makes me long to be sitting in the pew of our House of God.

I wish that this horrible war was over so we could come back to our loved ones again, but it seems as though this great conflict will last for some time yet.

WHAT WAR DID TO THIS FELLOW

I can say without hesitation that the war has made me a better fellow, and also more appreciative of my mother. I'll never more complain about what is set before me to eat.

WHEN MEN FACE DEATH

When men are face to face with death the heart finds expression in truthful utterances, which is not usually the case in our commercialized workaday lives under other circumstances. Truly "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

PRAYING IN SHELL HOLES

We never learned to so love and serve God as in battle. It was a common thing to see the boys lying in shell holes reading their Bibles and praying. It was this faith of mine in God, I believe, that caused my life to be spared.

THE FOREMOST IN THE WAR

This war seems different from many of those I read about when a boy at school. Then there always were a few men who came to the front and bore away all the honors.

In this great war we often ask who are the greatest heroes and leaders, for there are so many who have done great things that it will not be easy to single out the few foremost and tag them as heroes.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

Our mission in the cargo transport service, which was very necessary in order to feed and clothe our boys Over There, was to travel between the States and various foreign ports. During the months of December, January, February and March there are terrific storms and the sea is very rough. Due to these storms a vessel of cargo type sways and tosses considerably. On one trip we encountered three very severe storms. We could not lie in our bunks, and were compelled to hold on for dear life to keep from being thrown overboard. In such dangers as this, losing our lifeboats and rafts, and at the mercy of the wild seas, it is only for us to pray to God for safety. And this we did. The Captain said: "Boys, God saved us." And we all knew our prayers were answered.

A WEAK FAITH BUT A STRONG GOD

I have been here in a hospital for several weeks. It sure does try one's faith, especially when one's faith is a bit weak.

One thing in a fellow's favor is that, even though he has a weak faith, he has a strong God.

CHANGES HUMAN NATURE

This war has changed human nature, for the time at least, for we seem all one great body.

Now that the war is over, I still find the same comfort and strength in prayer and the Bible as during the war. And these both helped me greatly when I learned of the death of my brother, who died at Camp Meade. I was unable to express my feelings when I read of his death, but then faith in God triumphed and I was satisfied.

THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 25, 1918

On the night of September 25, 1918, General Pershing called the officers together, and told them that the battle on the morrow would be the turning point of the war. The 313th had no objective, but to go as far as possible. General Pershing sent word to all the soldiers through the officers to go as far as possible, do their best, stop for nothing, and closed his orders with, may God

bless you. The chaplains that same night addressed us and assured us that God would guide us, and be with us.

This was the turning point of the war, and God did guide and bless us, for the great Hindenburg line was broken, which was the beginning of the ending.

A NOBLE RESOLUTION

The teachings of yours, dear Pastor, which I learned at Church, clung to me in battle, and became more deeply rooted than ever before, and will forever cling to me, and I now resolve to live near to my Church and God all my days.

RATHER GO WITHOUT MEAL THAN BATH

I was in the Ammunition Train Service at Alsace and Verdun.

At times great shells filled with high explosives would go whizzing by, and when they exploded they tore open holes in the earth big enough to bury a house.

I was gassed and lost all my hair. Am now growing a new crop.

The boys were all anxious to go over the top for the first time, but not so anxious to go the second time.

When we moved from the railroad near Rumpont in France to the front we were given each three minutes for a bath, scarcely time to wipe off the soap. But the American soldier would rather leave his meal go than go without his bath, even if he had only three minutes.

**DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS SO MUCH
WATER**

I didn't know there was so much water in the world until I started across the Atlantic Ocean.

THE ONLY PLACE FOR AN AMERICAN

The only place for an American is the United States of America. Ask any of the A. E. F. or the Naval Force overseas.

**BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CHATEAU-
THIERRY**

The following excerpt gives one a vivid idea of the boys' feelings preceding the great battle that proved to be the turning point of the war:

We were called together for a religious service the night before we set forth to resist the enemy's drive at Château-Thierry. Our battalion sat hidden in a grove as our chaplain endeavored to encourage us and strengthen our faith in God. When the service was over you could see groups of men here and there reading their Bibles, preparing themselves the better for the charge in the morning. The Bible never before seemed quite so precious to me, and I could all the better appreciate then why my mother

gave me a Bible before I left home and urged that I read it every day.

I often think since that great battle, which was the turning point of the war, that God was all the more with us because we did thus prepare ourselves before we entered the battle.

THINKING ABOUT PASSING IN HIS CHECKS

More than once I thought that this person of mine would see Scotland no more, and that enjoying watermelons in the United States was a thing of the past.

A BOOST FOR THE "Y"

I have heard a good many complaints about the "Y," but if some of these doughboys who have lodged these complaints would have been with us, they would have been mighty glad to have the "Y."

We only had a little shack, but believe me it was *there*.

ONE WHO MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

The Lord has been my Help. He will not leave me. Through God we shall do valiantly, and though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Oh, what blessed hope, that beyond this sin-stricken and woe-worn world there is a Heaven of righteousness! It is secured to me by the promise of a God that cannot lie. I am looking for it,

and hope to be ready for it when my days on earth are ended and my harvest reaped.

ANXIOUS TO RETURN HOME

Am on my furlough in the Alps. Climbed to the summit of Mount St. Eynard, 4,500 feet high. Had a fine view of Mont Blanc, sixty-two miles away. The mountains are snow-capped, which makes them the more beautiful. The bridge the high Ellipse, was started in 1607 and completed in 1667. It is indeed a fine piece of work. It has withstood several floods.

Now that the war is at a close we are all anxious to return to our own great land. The picture shown here (a souvenir postal) is of a cathedral built in the fourteenth century. It is built as of one huge rock and is a wonderful piece of architecture. Have been attached to an officers' training school near this city.

WOULD ALWAYS BE HER BOY

This letter is from a mother whose son was killed in action:

Knowing of the great interest you have taken in the boys who went over to fight for our country and our flag I feel that I should let you know that my boy has been officially reported killed in action on November 7th. In his last letter to me he writes of a letter that he received from

you. For this kindness I wish to thank you. He had been a member of the church since he was old enough to walk. His death occurred just nineteen days after his twenty-fourth birthday. Even had he lived until he was sixty, he would have still been a child in my eyes, and you can realize how I feel his loss. He was one of the 313th.

HARDSHIPS OF INACTIVITY IN CAMP LIFE

So long as we were preparing to go overseas with the expectation of active service, we were encouraged. But when the armistice was signed, for the moment we looked at each other with an air of keen disappointment, for we realized that it was all up and that we would have to return home without having been of direct service. We wanted to go somewhere, but just stayed here at camp.

People may think it an easy life, but it is a hard life to want to do and yet be compelled to be idle.

A GREAT SCHOOLING

As showing the educational value of army life, the following excerpt will prove interesting:

All this has been a great schooling. It has been worth much to me. I have not only learned the better to know men, but also myself.

One is not apt to be a man until one is com-

elled to do for one's self. Home life keeps us rather tender, because we are there indulged by our dear mothers.

HARDEST WORK IS NO WORK

An old saw says that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. The truth of that aphorism is here exemplified:

Of course, we're glad it's all over. But somehow we're disappointed at not finishing the job while we were at it. We would rather fight and suffer hardships than be idle here with the job unfinished. It takes more courage sometimes to be idle than to fight, and perhaps that is why we even hate to be idle. If there's no more fighting to be done, then, as the saying goes, we want to beat it back to Baltimore.

THIS BOY WAS KILLED IN ACTION

I am awaiting orders with others. We are likely soon to go over the top. I may never return home to my parents. But, as you prayed with me before I left, and told me to put my trust in God, so I am doing, and I am prepared for whatever He wills.

OFFERS THANKS TO GOD

This is Christmas, and I thank God for Peace. When I was a boy I read of the bravery of the men under

Napoleon, little thinking that I, with others, should ever be called on to be even more courageous. For to face the weapons of destruction in this last war requires more courage, I believe, than in the days of Napoleon.

ASKS FOR PRAYERS

This lad came through the war without a scratch, and asks for prayers that he may return safely to his home and friends:

Your most welcome letter received by me in the great fortress of Verdun. In the very room where I now am was once located the Marshal of France—the great Joffre. We rejoice with you all at home over the successful ending of the war. Personally I have much to be thankful for—God has brought me through it all without even a scratch. Pray for me that He grant me continued safety and an early return home.

May God's richest blessings ever be with you, who so thoroughly deserve them.

MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR

This boy, among others, was quarantined on account of the flu. But he nevertheless showed the true spirit of American optimism:

Things have been about the same here at Camp Wise. We were quarantined for six

weeks on account of the influenza, which did not skip us, although this is a very healthful climate. There were trying times, but the medical officers fought it valiantly. We all had a fight on our hands, as it was in the very air.

Now that peace once more is upon this world, I am sure conditions will improve and that the people will be better. Surely every one has much to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving Day.

TRAVELED IN BOX CARS

Here is a letter that tells how officers and privates alike traveled in box cars from town to town:

Received your letter, and certainly was glad to hear from you, as it just put new life in me. I have been through a little of this conflict and am on my way to a rest camp for a couple of weeks. I know that I will come back a better man than I was when I left—both morally and physically.

Doctor, we traveled from town to town in box cars, everybody alike—Mayors, Captains, Y. M. C. A. men, all in one car. I think when I get back home I shall never leave good old Baltimore again.

To-day is the first time that I have enjoyed a good meal in one of the Red Cross rest stations away over here in one of these lonely places. We had spinach, mashed potatoes, pork, bread,

coffee, and pie. And we saw real American girls—something I had never before seen since I left the States.

I know, Doctor, my dear old mother worries a great deal about me, so please go down and cheer her up. Tell her that I am all right.

THINKS OF HIS LITTLE GIRL

Far from the bedside of one who is near and dear to him, this soldier writes to offer thanks and appreciation for little kindnesses shown in his household during his absence:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am thinking of you for your prayers with my little girl Nina. It did her much good, I am sure.

I trust God has bestowed His blessings of health and strength on you. I know that you are busy and I do not want to take up too much of your time. May God be with you till we meet again!

WELCOMES NEWS OF ARMISTICE

Ever a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, the author of the subjoined excerpt so expresses himself:

. . . our training will be interrupted by the glorious news of an armistice being declared between the warring nations. I feel certain that

this is in answer to the many prayers offered up for the safekeeping of our boys and their safe return.

Perhaps you will be interested to learn of the studies that I am taking here. These embrace everything relative to the airplane, except actually leaving the ground in flight. Among them may be mentioned bombing, meteorology, aerography, navigation, engines, gunnery, radio, electricity, semaphore, theory of flight. Besides this, we have a great deal of drilling, which tends to make real ground soldiers of us also.

It certainly is doing much to make a real man of me and I thoroughly enjoy the life.

OUR TREATMENT TO GERMAN PRISONERS

The German prisoners preferred working under the American doughboy in preference to the French poilu. In fact the French often became jealous of the kindly treatment we gave the German prisoners, but America, as you always taught us in Church, plays the part of the "Good Samaritan."

FORGOT THEY HAD BEEN ENEMIES

On November 11, 1918, we were in front of Etrage. Suddenly at 11 a. m. firing ceased, everything was perfectly quiet, and we were told that the Armistice was

signed. In the united joy which followed the Germans and the Americans forgot they had been fighting, or that they had been enemies. Spontaneously they rushed together and clasped each other by the hand. The Germans were hungry, and we Americans gave of our bread, for which they were most thankful.

BURIAL OF THOSE KILLED DURING THE LAST HOURS OF THE FIGHT

The burial of those who were killed the morning before the signing of the Armistice took place at Moulleville Farm. It was a most touching and impressive scene.

A huge grave, much in the shape of a horseshoe, was dug; the dead bodies wrapped in blankets were laid around this grave.

A Chaplain held the regular service, after which the bodies were placed side by side in the grave. A farewell volley was then fired over the graves, and as the graves were being filled in, taps were blown.

REJOICING IN ONE COMMON CAUSE

When it was announced that the Armistice had been signed, we had a remarkable demonstration at Verdun, where I happened to be at the time.

Spontaneously the people assembled in one great procession. In that gathering were Americans, French,

British and Algerian. These all fell in line and marched together as one great body, rejoicing that the war was over and that soon all could once more return to their homes.

WHAT WE PROMISE GOD WHEN WE ARE IN TROUBLE

One night as I was dreadfully ill on our ship, the whistle told of a submarine near us.

I can never express my feelings at that moment. It seemed to me the end had come, and in almost an instant the history of my life was unfolded before me; all the good and the bad I had ever done. I then praised God as never before for the good I had done and promised Him a future to His glory if He would spare my life. He saved me and I mean to keep my promise.

THE SICK APPRECIATE A WORD OF CHEER

I am in a Naval Hospital where I have undergone an operation of a rather serious type. Here I am away from home and loved ones. Naturally I do not feel very cheerful, but you have no idea how happy we boys are when we are visited by those who come to the hospitals to bring cheer. Indeed these ladies are most welcome, for although we suffer, nevertheless while they are here giving us their smiles and words of good cheer, we at least for the time seem to forget all about our sufferings. I have resolved that when I get well I will never lose an opportunity that presents itself in giving a word of cheer to the sick.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH DANGER

I am on one of the Mine Sweepers called "Suicide Fleet." I sleep with 400 pounds of T.N.T. over my head. A safe protection so long as it does not blow down upon me.

A Captain of one of the Mine Sweepers, overestimating his ability, endeavored to free a mine that had been fouled in the Mine Sweeping Gear and bring it on board the ship, but with all his precaution the contact point of the mine in some way was touched. Result! It exploded, killing the Captain and blowing off the stern of the ship.

POINTING OUT THE WAY

We swept for mines around New York until the armistice had been signed. After that we swept a channel clear of all mines for a distance of one hundred miles, so as to make safe the passageway for the ships bringing in returning troops. After sweeping this channel our ship was converted into a Light Ship to illuminate and point out the way for directing the course of the returning ships. We thus not only opened up a safe passage, but also served as a Light House.

ALL CREEDS MIXED IN SERVICE

It was a pleasing sight to witness how Jew, Gentile and Catholic united in service on the battlefield. As our men

fell it was not a question of creed or faith, but each one was ready to render service as he was able. Thus it was that a Jewish Rabbi, a Catholic Priest and a Protestant Minister were often found side by side as brothers in their service as chaplains.

Perhaps this has made all the greater impression upon me because you so often have preached to us that "we are brethren." Would it not be grand if after the war is over the same brotherly spirit would be manifested among mankind.

SOCIAL VICE

The war has brought to light the appalling prevalence of social vice and has emphasized the necessity of cultivating in young people a rigid standard of morals to combat the evil and to serve as their own safeguard.

COMFORT IN 23D PSALM

As I went "over the top" there seemed to flash before me that part in the 23d Psalm which says: "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." These words gave me great comfort, and I went forth into battle without any fear. It is indeed remarkable how the Word of God does give one comfort in time of need.

THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET

The surrender of the German fleet after the armistice had been signed was some excitement, believe me.

We had been told so many things about the great fleet, that we had our ships all cleared for action, for we wanted to be ready in case they showed fight.

The fleet came within range of our guns, and we were ready for action, but we didn't get a chance. They surrendered. It was November 21, 1918, and we sure will long remember that day.

WELCOME HOME FROM CAMP LIFE

Our welcome home no doubt will be very quiet as compared with those of the victorious men who had the privilege of action on battlefields. But it was no fault of ours that we have been denied the privilege. Indeed, we were bitterly disappointed, and it takes a lot of courage to be brave when there is nothing to do.

MOTHER'S DAY

This is Mother's Day, and as I have no mother to write, I will drop you a line instead. The American and French are celebrating the occasion in Beaune to-day.

I am at the Beaune University. Our regiment did the construction, and most of us are going to school now, which will close in June, when we will all go home as a unit. I hope so at least, for everything is getting so uninteresting over here that all I can think of is going home.

PRUSSIANISM AND GERMAN FAMILY LIFE CONTRASTED

After the Armistice had been signed, I spent twenty days in Trier, a German city of 50,000. We were called upon to guard the place, and by way of contrast with the military and political powers of Prussianism, I was most favorably impressed with the quietness and sweetness of the German family life.

HATRED WAS NOT OF THE HEART

Naturally during the fight all were loyal to their colors, and did everything to win the victory, being willing if necessary to die; and yet, it seems there was no American heart hatred toward the enemy.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS

DEAR DOCTOR:

I received your letter the other day and as I believe in the policy "Delays are dangerous" I will try to answer as per your request.

I might be a good soldier, but when it comes to writing or giving any ideas or thoughts on my experiences in the A. E. F. that would be of any interest to others, I get the same feeling that comes to the Marine who is called out to guard-mount and he has a dirty rifle; in

other words my literary powers are rather limited; still to refuse would be polite mutiny so I will endeavor to relate to you how I pass the time away while waiting for Our Uncle Sam to send us home or back to the trenches.

A month or so ago, the Yanks were leaving France by the thousands, ship after ship pulled away from the port of embarkation and the U. S. Marine Corps did not appear in the sailing list; a few of our home-sick lads were a bit discouraged; they would not care but time hung rather heavy on their hands, which caused them to picture imaginary scenes of the home-folks in distress and business careers shot to pieces; they lost interest in Sunny France, did not care to visit the historical Chateaus, gaze at beautiful scenery; all they wanted was the ocean trip with the big boat headed in the westerly direction.

One day I read an article by Dr. Frank Crane. I immediately snapped out of my trance and started the cogs working in double time. I decided that I could at least cheer the boys who were despondent and help to drive the spirit "The world is picking on me" back to the tall bushes.

I get *beaucoup* fun out of the many ways that I spread my propaganda or doctrine, the results are gratifying, and to-day my time is much too short, the hours roll by with incredible speed; I know I am helping others but not near as much as I am helping myself, therefore I am selfish and do not feel proud of my work.

Just before I drift into slumberland I ask myself the question, "Did I do anything to-day that I should not

have done and was there something I could have accomplished that I did not try?" Sometimes I find out I am on the wrong track and going south when north is the correct direction, but squads right-about in the morning and I start the new day with fresh vigor for my chosen task.

Hoping to have that Saturday evening chat with you in the near future, I am the same old Frank as before, only I hope a little better for my A. E. F. trip.

As ever,

— — — — —

A HERO AT HOME

My most thrilling experience after more than two years in the war occurred on the night of May 23, 1919, when on board the Florida steamer on its way to Baltimore, where I was coming on a "week end leave." That night we cited a burning ship which was off our starboard bow. We quickly hastened to give her assistance and found it to be the Old Bay Line steamer *Virginia*.

It was most pitiful when we reached the steamer to see the women and children floating in the water half crazed, and others on the bow of the burning ship standing between flames, pulling their hair and crying: "Have mercy. Save us." We quickly manned the whaleboats and picked up the floating survivors; after that we made for the flaming ship and rescued those yet on board.

I personally had the privilege of saving the lives of a mother and her two children. Although in doing so I

was badly bruised, nevertheless it was my greatest joy to have been able to serve others in their dire distress, for which service I received a very favorable commendation from an officer of the American Navy, to say nothing of the heart appreciation of those whom I rescued.

WHO WON THE WAR?

I am glad the war is won, and as an American soldier it does not worry me who won it. I, for one, feel we all together won the war. We fought for one common cause, under common orders, with one purpose. That purpose was accomplished, the war was won, and there is glory enough in it for us all, so why worry as to who won the war.

THOSE WHO "STAND AND WAIT"

I did not mind the fighting as much as I do the being left behind when others are going home.

Side by side we fought together, and now to see others return home while we still wait, to bid "Good-by" to the men who are leaving for home, requires almost an heroic endurance.

And yet we think of what Milton once wrote: "They also serve who only stand and wait," so we, too, will try to be brave as we wait.

SOME OF THE PASTOR'S LETTERS

Every boy who was a member of Christ Church and who went into military service was written to by me

except those whose addresses I could not get. All letters received by me were answered. Not only this: I frequently wrote even though I received no reply to my letters.

Appended are copies of a few of the letters that I sent to these noble lads:

GUARD AGAINST TEMPTATIONS

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Your name was handed me as one of the boys who are now in their country's uniform. Indeed, the war is assuming such tremendous proportions that in time I suspect all our young men will be wearing the colors.

The American Army so far has apparently left a very favorable impression upon the minds of the people, and it is because our men when they leave home and their Church carry with them the holy blessings and influences which were inculcated in them by their Godly parents and their Christian Churches. That you will be one of this number, I do not doubt. My prayer is therefore that you will be guarded against the temptations which naturally beset young men, that you will also be a blessing to another brother who may be weaker than yourself, and that you may ever grace the colors you bear.

In the hour of darkness and trial put your trust in God, and remember that in holy supplication God is ever near and will bless you.

Most sincerely, your pastor.

FOR GOD'S RICHEST BLESSING

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I was very much pleased to get your letter, and it afforded me great pleasure to know that you are exercising every possible energy for the maintaining of a noble manhood while you are serving your country.

I want you to know that although you are away from us, and your loved ones at home, you are not out of our thoughts or prayers. We are remembering you and are constantly praying God's richest blessings upon you, and we are also praying that God may not only be pleased to protect you, but that should circumstances be such that you should unfortunately become afflicted in any way whatever, God may give you grace and strength to endure the hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Lovingly and tenderly, your pastor.

“LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS”

MY DEAR GOOD BOY:

As time rolls on many unexpected things occur, change is marked everywhere; we are glad, therefore, to know that there is One who never changes, our Blessed Lord and Master, who is always the same in love for His followers, forgiving, kind, tender, compassionate, patient and long-suffering, and assures us that no matter where we are He is and always will be with us.

You are among strangers. You may be beset with

trials and tribulations. At best war is not a playground, it is a struggle, a test. Above all do you need the companionship of Him who changes not, and He says to you, my dear friend, "Lo, I am with you always." With your trust in Him, you need not fear, for He is perhaps nearer to you than to many who are at home.

You are to be commended, because you are in uniform and service for your country, and as it is for the cause of righteousness, we believe God will be with you and protect you.

Praying God's blessing upon you, I remain,
Your loving friend and pastor.

**"THRICE ARMED IS HE WHOSE CAUSE IS
JUST"**

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I received your letter of the 16th and was very glad to hear from you.

It is needless for me to say that I have implicit confidence in you, believing that you will appreciate the position to which you have been called, and that you will not only make good towards your country, but also towards your God.

The moral surroundings and the many helpful aids afforded our boys now through the Y. M. C. A. and other agencies of war preparation and comforts gives to our American soldiers the best possible equipment and protection.

Above all you are in a righteous and unselfish cause,

fighting not for personal aggrandizement, but in the spirit of the Master you are going out to help bring about the universal peace, in which we pray that the Prince of Peace may be the Head over all.

May God richly bless you, and in time of discouragement or in days of darkness then and at all times put your trust in God, who has promised not to leave or forsake you.

Lovingly, your pastor.

GOD IS EVER AT HAND

MY DEAR BOY:

I was glad to hear from you, and you are one of 125 of our boys who are now in the Army and Navy.

I read your name out among those of the list of boys two Sundays ago at Church when we placed a National and a service flag in our Church. I hope you may ever be a good boy. Should you at any time get homesick, remember that God is as near to help you while you are away, as He was near to you before you went away from your home and Church. If out on the battlefield any of your comrades should fall in death, give them a word of cheer, reminding them of the fact that even in death the soul's flight is less than a second, whether at home or from "Somewhere Over There."

May God ever care for you as His own child. Put your trust in Him, and He will not forsake you.

With every loving wish, I remain,
Your pastor,

CARRY RELIGION WITH THEM

MY DEAR BOY:

I was glad to hear from you. You were always a faithful boy at Sunday School and Church, and I have no fears of your good behavior and morals away from home. I have learned this from my experience with many of the boys in the Army and Navy, that those boys who were religiously inclined at home, are religiously inclined when away from home, whether in the Army or Navy. In other words, they carry their religion with them. This has been a source of great gratification to me as a pastor to know that during all these years my ministry has not been in vain, but that as I have planted and watered God has given the increase.

Indeed, it makes me happy to know that my dear boys are living up to the highest standard morally and spiritually, that I set for them when they were with me in the Sunday School and Church. Should you at any time feel lonely or discouraged, remember the same God who comforted and cheered you when at home will be with you now. In the hour of sickness or trial, Christ says, "Lo, I am with thee always, even until the end of the world." Therefore, put your trust in God. Look to Him in prayer and while you are loyally and lovingly and patriotically serving your country, you will be at the same time serving your God, and God will be your reward.

With every loving wish, I remain,
Your pastor,

APPRECIATE GOD'S HOLY WORD

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I read from time to time with great pleasure the letters from our boys, and I am happy to know that they are happy in their new experiences. The military school is indeed a great school for many of our young men, and those who properly avail themselves, and who blest of God shall be able to return again in health after the war, will be stronger physically and mentally, and indeed I believe that many will be stronger spiritually, for I suspect that many of our boys appreciate more now the blessedness of God's Holy Word than they ever did before.

Do not forget your Bible. In it you will learn from time to time of God's precious promises, and of His unfailing love. Put your trust in God. Be loyal to your country. With courage and with firm faith you will be one who will honor God's name and his country's flag.

Praying God's blessing upon you, and hoping that you may not only be a noble young man yourself in morals and courage, but that you may also help some weaker brother to the same good foundation on which you stand, I remain,

Lovingly and affectionately,
Your pastor,

KIND THOUGHTS BRIDGE DISTANCE

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Having learned of your whereabouts I take this opportunity of addressing you. While there is a long distance between us, nevertheless thoughts and love bridge distance. Even by means of a telephone we talk with our friends as if through a wall when they are yet a long distance off, or by means of the wireless we converse with friends from the ocean to the cities, so by means of a letter we communicate with our friends though barriers and distance lie between us.

The thought that our friends are thinking of us, that they do not forget us, that they are interested in our welfare and are wishing us all good things, is a source of cheer. That you have all these from your many friends in this country goes without question.

Remember there is, however, another friend, our very best friend, Who has promised never to leave us nor forsake us. You have been in a large measure a public benefactor. You have been giving a service for the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind, and my prayer is that the Great Physician of us all will not forget you. Remember, He is as near to you where you are as He is to us in our homes. May God therefore richly bless you, give you patience and trust in Him.

With every loving wish, I remain,

Most cordially and sincerely,

Your pastor,

A REAL SOURCE OF PLEASURE ,

MY DEAR BROTHER:

It is a source of great pleasure to me, your pastor, to be receiving letters from time to time from our dear boys, and let me assure you that it fills my soul with great delight to hear of the spiritual concern of our boys. How happy I am to be assured that our boys will come back with the same strong faith in God they had before they left, and as many write me they will come back still better men than they were before they went away.

Our country is demanding our best men. Do not be satisfied in your life with anything but the best in aims and morals, in thought and habits, in your whole life. With strong faith in God and courage for the right I believe that our American boys will not only win in the fight, but will come back crowned with God's glory and honor. Never allow another to drag you down, but be a lifting power to help a weak brother to a better life.

Rest assured you have our prayers, and you are not forgotten by your pastor or your friends in the Church.

Praying God's richest blessing upon you, I remain,

Lovingly and affectionately,

Your pastor,

SACRIFICES FOR AMERICA

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I received a letter from your sister to-day, in which she informs me that you have been wounded. I am

awfully sorry to hear this, and I do hope and pray that it is nothing serious, and that you may soon again be your real self.

You boys are fighting our battles. You are making sacrifices for America. You are our representatives, and the scars and wounds that you receive God will not overlook, but reward will be yours.

America is in an unselfish warfare, like the Good Samaritan coming out to help suffering humanity. I am sure that we are in a righteous cause, fighting for the right for freedom and for justice, and I believe that God will be with us, and that in the end we shall win.

May God bless you, my dear brother, and give you great cheer and comfort. Remember, we are all praying for you, and the Lord, Himself, will not forget you.

With every loving wish, I remain,
Your pastor,

A SAINTED MOTHER IN HEAVEN

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Your letter of October 19th is before me, and I read it with very great pleasure. Yes, dear boy, it makes me feel happy to know that you are the same good boy away that you were at home, and I know you will return with the same pure heart.

You evidently have had some very trying times, and I hope soon you may be able to tell me much more of your experiences.

We passed through a dreadful ordeal here in Balti-

more a few weeks ago, when the "Flu" carried away in America more lives than were lost by America in the awful war with Germany. Many of our most prominent citizens were taken. I myself buried forty-three in two weeks' time, but, Harry, when I think of those who are living to-day in sore affliction, those who are anxiously waiting for the day when God will relieve them of their misery and take them home, I cannot help but feel that for many at least, as St. Paul says, "to die is far better."

I well recall the time when I lost my dear mother. At that time I could not quite understand, but as time passed on I thanked God that I had a sainted mother in Heaven, and although I have many times greatly missed her since then, nevertheless I have never wished her back, and am glad she is at rest.

Harry, you have learned by this time to endure hardness as a good soldier, and there are things that you as well as myself must adapt yourself to. You, like myself, have a sainted mother in Heaven, and I want you to be just as brave in hearing these tidings, and bearing the same, as you have been on the battlefield serving your country and your God. I officiated at the funeral services of your sainted mother on October 23rd. Your mother died happy, and has simply gone home to her rest, and some day you, like myself, will meet with these dear mothers in our Father's House, where partings are no more.

I went to see your father, and am glad to report to you that he is very well as all the rest, and your father is bearing the loss nobly and bravely, and I am sure again that you will do likewise.

Praying God's richest blessing upon you, and with every loving wish, I remain,

Your pastor,

RETURN WITH PURE LIPS

MY DEAR BOY:

Praise God for peace, and we thank all of you dear boys, soldiers and sailors, for your share in hastening the day of peace. God works through men and secondary causes to accomplish much of His work, and I know He will reward you all for what you have done and endured.

I often think of you all, and feel so sorry for you in your many hardships, for I know you dear boys have had to endure many trials, privations and temptations. We are praying for you here, and will be so glad to welcome you home.

My heart rejoices at the sweet tone of the letters which I receive from so many of you boys, for it assures me that you are keeping yourselves untarnished from sin and temptation, and will return home with lips pure to place upon the lips of mothers and loved ones.

You have gone through a wonderful school, and will never forget the lessons you have learned. May God bless and keep you, my dear boy.

Help some other boy who may be lonely, and give him good cheer, and if he be a wayward boy, strive by kind counsel to bring him back to the faith he once had in God when he was by his mother's side. Tell him and all that here at home we are all praying for our soldiers and sail-

ors, and we will never forget to be grateful to them for their services to their God and country.

Praying God's richest blessing upon you, I remain,
Lovingly and affectionately,
YOUR PASTOR.

LOVED ONES AWAIT

MY DEAR GOOD BOY:

I am so glad to hear from you, and to hear you are well, and have triumphed most gloriously.

I have prayed for you, and I thank God He has heard my supplication, and that He has spared your life not only from the leaden, but also from the immoral bullets.

I am pleased to know you are now privileged to enjoy some of the historical places of the world. This is your opportunity, and you should avail yourself of every such privilege of seeing places that will be of joy to you in after years.

May God be pleased to bring you in time back home, where loved ones await you and will lovingly greet you.

Lovingly and tenderly,
YOUR PASTOR.

HAS A SAINTED FATHER IN HEAVEN

MY DEAR FRANK:

As I write, we are having our first real snowstorm of the winter, for thus far the weather has been charming when we consider the season of the year.

I was so glad to hear from you a few days ago, as it

is always a pleasure to hear from you boys. My one regret is that seemingly many of my letters go astray. I have been faithful in writing to all of our boys who keep me informed of their "whereabouts," but some apparently do not get my letters.

It will be a great pleasure to many when you shall be released by the Government from duty for your country and be allowed to return home.

Home, yes after all that is a sweet word, and especially where true love reigns in the abode, for love more than anything else makes home.

Some of us have sweet memories of such a place, but time brings changes, and once sweet homes are only a memory, a thing of the past.

I can always sympathize with the "other fellow" who has no home, for my dear parents have both gone to their Heavenly home, and being unmarried, I am left much like Abraham of old in the sense of "pitching my tent," in which I tarry for a time. It makes a difference, but Heaven will be all the sweeter and dearer when our time comes to depart, because of the loved ones, who, having gone before, will be there to greet us as we come home. Indeed I often think that those who go first have the least to pay, whereas the debt increases as one lingers out the day.

I am sure therefore that none of us will be cruel enough to wish back those who enjoy the rest which remains for them that love God. No, we will rather cheerfully let them enjoy the rest in their heavenly home, where some day we shall meet them to be forever with the Lord. Death is after all a sleep, a goodnight. In Heaven it will

be goodmorning, no more separations, so that our loved ones are better off in Heaven than on earth. The sacrifice is with those who remain.

I know you are saying, "Well, it is good to be able to view separations in such a manner." Yes, it is, and you, too, my dear boy, I am sure, will be just as brave as others of us. You are a soldier. You have had your privations. You have made great sacrifices, and you are able to make still greater ones, and to "endure still greater hardness as a good soldier."

I want you, therefore, to be brave now as you join with me in bowing to God's will at the departure of your own dear father, who went to his heavenly home this morning. He had been ill for two weeks, and "fell asleep" this morning at four o'clock. He died peacefully. I called upon him frequently during his illness, and he assured me he had peace at heart.

That is your joy, and the best legacy your father could have left you.

Your mother and all are bearing up bravely, and my prayer is that you too may put your trust in God, and He will not fail you.

May God bless and keep you, my dear boy.

Lovingly and devotedly,

YOUR FRIEND AND PASTOR.

NEW PEOPLE BETTER THAN NEW LAWS

MY DEAR BOY:

Most of our boys have returned, and it thrills me with joy to greet them one by one.

Some of the boys from our Church were on the banks of the Marne, others fought at Château-Thierry, some stood fast in the Argonne Forest, some spilled their blood in Flanders, others suffered in French Hospitals, while still others made a contribution to liberty in making the supreme sacrifice with their lives.

It is heartrending to hear of many of the hardships of our boys. Had the final decision been left to the families of Europe and not to the political rulers, there would not have been this dreadful war. But, false education and hatred, autocracy and militarism, know no bounds, and as a result the evil thoughts and the evil deeds of men brought on war, and an otherwise law abiding people have had to suffer.

This war has brought home the fact, as you well know, that men must be treated as individuals and not as things, as minds and souls and not as machines.

The nine millions of men in their graves, together with the twenty millions of wounded soldiers, are calling upon all the nations that they shall arbitrate as men and brethren their international differences. You boys have suffered and sacrificed, but if thereby you shall have helped to bring about peace on earth, good will toward men, then you will not have suffered in vain.

These are days when much is being said about laws and leagues, resolutions and constitutions, but all these will fail to bring about new conditions until the people themselves think and speak and are made new. New people are better than new laws and leagues, and until the people are made new, made new by the power of God, the contracts will become only "scraps of paper." When

of old the law failed God sent His Son, and that same Son of God is needed to-day to make a new people, a new world.

I am sure that you agree with me that America must be the world centre for the great work of world evangelization, that a new people may inhabit the earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. From what I learn from many of the boys, this larger vision is being observed, and my prayer is that the armies from the battlefields and camps may become the armies for the Lord God in the upbuilding of a moral world, a world of real men, who may keep peace in the world in the days to come.

With the possibilities of scientific discoveries, unknown and undreamed of in the past, unless we do put an end to war, war will put an end to us.

However, in God we put our trust, knowing that if we do our part, He will never fail us.

Praying God's richest blessing upon you, and hoping you yourself will continue to be an evangelizing factor wherever you chance to be, I remain

Tenderly and affectionately,

YOUR PASTOR.

A LETTER SENT TO THOSE WHOSE LOVED ONES MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

DEAR FRIEND:

At this time of your sorrow I want to convey to you a message of cheer and hope. To do so, I realize, at such a time as this is not an easy task; yet when we consider facts there is hope and cheer.

You have given to your country a sacrifice which to you is of inestimable value, and hence a great personal loss, but it is akin to the spirit which prompted God to give His Unspeakable Gift, His Son, to die for the sake of others, and the world to-day loves God for what He did. In like manner those who fall on the battlefield fighting for their country and for the right, helping to make this world a better and a safer place in which to live, those fallen heroes died unselfishly and heroically.

We as American citizens honor their sacrifice. They died for us, in our place, and we pay them reverence. They were doubtless nearer God where they fell in action than are many others who fall asleep in death, for God knows it was no choice of theirs, but rather obedience to a call to duty, of whom it could be nobly said: "Theirs is not to reason why, theirs is not to make reply, theirs is but to dare and die." With such patriotism and self-sacrificing spirit your loved one responded to the call to arms for his country.

Some day, there will be a great reunion. Heaven will be the meeting place, and the redeemed of God will be the guests, to sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob on the throne of God, where there will be "no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things" will all have "passed away." Wherefore "cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." God's promise to you is: "I will be with thee, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

With tender and loving sympathy, I remain

YOUR PASTOR.

ADDITIONAL EXCERPTS

THIS FROM A NURSE

Our experiences as nurses were many. Indeed, I never before saw such patience as was displayed by the wounded and dying soldiers. They suffered without murmuring. Men, as a rule, are not patient when sick, but it was very different with the soldiers overseas in hospitals. They suffered as they fought,—bravely. And they were grateful for every courtesy and help we did for them.

It was often very touching to witness the death scenes in the hospital. The dying would seem to long for a mother's touch and word, but, in her absence, the soldier boy would turn instinctively to the nurse, and we tried as best we could to take a mother's place in their last moments. They sometimes gave us their home address and asked us to write to their loved ones a letter of comfort, which we did as we had opportunity.

One boy dying said: "Write to my mother, and tell her I love her, but am now going to my heavenly home, where some day I hope to meet her. Tell her that Jesus is my Saviour, and I have no fear, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death."

HE WAS AT LEAST HONEST

One evening as we were being shelled by the enemy, we sought shelter in a cellar. Presently a shell shook the house. The chaplain happened to be with us, and

he asked us if he should pray. We naturally suggested he do so, for if ever we felt the need for protection that time had come.

We tried to be brave, but it tries a fellow's bravery when shells are bursting about him. The chaplain began his prayer with the words:

"Lord, we are not afraid——," but before he could say any more, a young Irishman in our midst interrupted the prayer by exclaiming, "The devil we are not afraid."

LEST WE FORGET

We all did a lot of praying before we went into battle. Our Bibles also were frequently in use. I believe in prayer when rightly offered for a righteous cause. God has been good to us, and I pray we may never forget Him.

WILL JEALOUSIES ARISE?

During the period of warfare, when we were all fighting side by side, it seemed we were all one united body. Now when it comes to dividing the honors, it seems just a bit different.

Already before we sail for home we hear not a few unkind remarks and criticisms which make one feel a bit sore after all we have done for others overseas. But, a few are not all, so we should worry.

UNNATURALNESS OF WAR

"This, after all, is to me a terrible life. The idea of civilized men standing up and killing each other seems so unnatural." If the energy and thought and money spent in killing men were rightly spent in saving this old world by God's redeeming power, much different would be the results. But, the war is over, and I pray it may be the last.

WILL WAR RESOLUTIONS BE KEPT?

We boys during the war made many good resolutions. We were facing death, and, like many of whom you often speak, we, too, made promises. I hope we may keep them when we return. I am sorry, however, to say that I fear many will break the promises, for now that the war is over and dangers past, I already see a difference.

MYSTERY OF SUFFERING

"I have helped to minister to many in hospitals. Here we see all phases of sufferings. Sometimes it gets one to thinking. Armies are gathered to go out and wound others, and at the same time a small army is gathered to relieve the sufferings of the men who have been wounded. But, only through sufferings are greater disasters stopped. Thus, we minister unto those whom we have caused to suffer. This is the mystery of suffering, and yet it is the portion of us all."

"O LOVE, THAT WILL NOT LET ME GO"

I had a wonderful experience as I witnessed the death scene in a hospital in France. A soldier boy, yet tender in years, was brought into the ward. He was seriously wounded, and it was only a matter of hours with his life. He asked me to get a letter out of his pocket. As I did so, I found the letter in his Testament, which looked as if it had been read with tears, judging from stains on its pages. He asked me then to read to him the letter. As I did so, he began to weep, and as I read on I discovered that it was from a young lady who, once a sweetheart, had written and broken off the love relationship, and this was her last letter to him.

Then he asked that I read to him from the Gospel according to St. John, the 14th chapter.

After I had read that, he requested I read the 23rd Psalm. When I had done so, he looked at me with a triumphant smile, saying softly and faintly:

"O Love, that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

Suspecting what was in his mind, I said:

"I suppose you are thinking of Dr. George Matheson, who wrote those words?"

"Yes," he whispered, as he nodded his head in assent. Heaving a sigh, he said:

"We were life friends, she and I, but for some reason she gave me up. Perhaps another crossed her path. Then, too, she may have lost her love for me."

Brushing the tears from his eyes, he said softly: "But, praise God, there is a love that will not let me go, but loves me unto the end, an everlasting love."

"HE THAT GOES SOONEST HAS THE LEAST TO PAY"

"I found on the battlefield that which to some one was very precious, and would be much prized today if it could be placed in the proper hands. It is a Testament in which is a picture of a young lady, both of which have been pierced by a bullet." Thus writes one from the battlefield.

No doubt the owner paid the supreme sacrifice, and as his body was carried away for more decent burial, the book and picture fell from his pocket.

No name was left to mark either the picture or the owner of the book, but, back of all lies a hidden secret.

Who was the young lady? Was it his sister, his sweetheart? Or, was it to him the best, the dearest, and sweetest woman that ever lived—his wife?

At any rate he, like the rest who were killed, was somebody's darling boy. Somebody will miss him. Somebody will long for the touch of a vanished hand.

Those of us who have been spared will, at least, pray that the God, who so unselfishly scatters his sunbeams like gold upon the bosoms of lakes to the remotest parts of the world, will also soothe the wrinkles from the

brow of care, change moans and sobs into a song, and wipe away tears, putting in their place jewels of joy.

And, as for those young men who fell, like David of old "on sleep," we cannot help but recall the words of the poet who wrote, saying:

"Our life is like a winter's day,
Some, only breakfast and away.
Others, to dinner stay and are full fed.
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt that lingers out the day.
He that goes soonest has the least to pay."



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